

The Draconian Paladin

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Summary: Long ago, when Vikings ruled the seven seas, a young boy named Hakon is born to his mother. But there was something different about him, his father was a dragon, unknown to his mother. He was abandoned at birth, and raised in Asgard. For ten years he lived with the gods, until he went back to Berk. He became friends with the chief's children and the three set out on an epic journey

1. Dragon Raid!

Hey, I'm Hakon. Life was pretty normal for me on Berk, well as normal as it can get for me. Berk is a small island inhabited by Vikings, yeah you heard right. Although we're not the bloodthirsty kind you hear about, we really don't have the time for invading and pillaging unless it's one of our neighboring islands. The reason we don't really travel is because of the dragon attacks, yeah they exist.

Berk was a pretty nice place. It's only a few miles south of Frostbite and Hypothermia. You can reach us by traveling to Hopelessness and sailing north for 12 more days. It's located smack dab on the Meridian of Misery, real name. It snows 9 months out of the year, and when it's not snowing it's hailing.

I'm just your average run of the mill 15 year old viking. Well, that's not completely true. Ya see, I'm only half human, the other half is dragon. I bet you're wondering, "How the heck?!" Well it's very simple, when a mommy and a daddy love each other very much... Just kidding, you see my dad was a shapeshifter dragon, a dragon that has the ability to shapeshift.

My mom, a viking, saw him as a human and they fell in love. The rest is what they teach you in health class. My dad, of course, didn't stay long. Which was unfortunate for me due to my unusual eyes. Because my dad was a dragon, my eyes were those of a dragon.

My mother saw my eyes and instantly called me Boltorn, or literally "Miserable Thorn". She then tossed me out to starve, or be eaten, or some other death. Lucky for me, help came in the form of Frigg. She was the Viking goddess in charge of childbirth, marriage, and a few other things.

Frigg, saw me and had compassion, renaming me Hakon, or "Of the chosen". She took me in until I was 10. For ten years I was raised in Asgard, having arguments with my adopted family. I was considered a miracle worker in Asgard: I could calm Thor down when he was angry (no easy feat), I was one of the only people that Loki would open up to (mainly because of how I had been abandoned), and I could make anyone laugh (even some of the gods that were rumored to never laugh.)

Once I reached age ten, I was sent back to Berk. I still talk with my Asgardian family, especially Frigg. I wasn't sent back to Berk alone though, a fairy was sent with me. Her name was Jewel and she had been one of my closest friends. She resembled a tiny human mixed with a hummingbird. With green feathers and bright amethyst eyes.

Jewel and I would often help Loki with a practical joke in Asgard, turns out he's not as bad as the stories make him out to be. Sure he could get a little crazy, but murder? No. I guess the Vikings just didn't get the full story, or they decided it needed more violence. Even so, Loki was still a pretty much lone wolf, keeping to himself almost all the time.

On Berk I was raised by my only two human friends, Gobber and Gothi. Gothi's probably the oldest person in the village, and being mute, she communicates with markings in the sand. Only me and Gobber can understand the markings. Gobber is the blacksmith of the village, and the good friend of the chief. He's missing an arm and a leg, and has prosthetic replacements for the lost limbs.

A few years ago, I had befriended the son of Chief Stoick the Vast, Hiccup. Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. Honestly it's not the worst name ever. He and I became friends very easily due to both of us being outcasts.

Hiccup was short and skinny, the complete opposite of his father. He has short brown hair and green eyes and was 15 like me, even if he looked younger. He almost always carried a note book and charcoal pencil. He was probably one of the smartest vikings of all time. He and I were both apprentices to Gobber in the art of blacksmithing, so each of us knew how to make a variety of things.

He also had a twin sister, Kira. She has her father's red hair and brother's green eyes. I hadn't become as close with her because Stoick forbids her from seeing me. That didn't stop us, we would often meet up late at night while everyone else was asleep. I would tell her about the many kinds of dragons and their abilities, since Stoic pretty much kept her in the dark.

I had had a crush on her forever. Freya, goddess of love, had offered to help me get her once. I told her that I didn't want to cheat to get her, I wanted to work to get her.

But enough about that, the real story is about to begin...

It was just any other night on Berk when I was awoken from my slumber by the sound of an alarm. This meant that the dragons were attacking. I jumped from my bed and ran outside. I saw Deadly Nadders, medium sized dragons that have only two legs and a tail armed with poisonous spikes; Gronkles, smaller dragons with hides tougher than rock; and some Hideous Zipplebacks, dragons that have two heads, one that spits out combustible gas and the other head lights it. A bit farther away I saw a Monstrous Nightmare, one of the larger dragons that have this habit of setting themselves on fire.

I ran towards the blacksmith shop and instantly got to work next to Gobber. Hiccup and Kira ran into the building.

"Nice of you to join the party," Gobber said to Hiccup as Kira sat down, "I thought you'd been carried off."

"Who me?" Hiccup asked, "I'm way to muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this." He struck a body builder pose.

"All of what?" I asked, smirking. Hiccup deflated even more when Gobber decided to add,

"So they need toothpicks, do they?" I fist bumped Gobber, nearly falling down. A drwgon attacked a nearby house with it's flames. Five kids came running, dragging a water barrel behind them.

The first was a blonde girl wearing a battle skirt with a metal skull on it. This was Astrid, Hiccup's long time crush.

The next two looked nearly identical, it was hard to tell them apart. One was a boy and the other a girl, both had blonde hair. The twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

The fourth was a large boy who had the size category in check. He also had blonde hair, a lot of people on Berk had blonde hair in case you didn't notice. This was Fishlegs.

The last one was a boy who easily beat Hiccup in the muscles department. He had black hair and cruel eyes, oh and did I say cruel eyes. This was Snotlout, most likely the most obnoxious Viking in the whole world.

Astrid threw a bucket of water on the house, putting a bit of the fire out. Only to have a dragon blow it up again, causing more flames. Hiccup was at the window watching them, and he nearly climbed out. Gobber used his hook to grab Hiccup by his vest and pull him back.

"Ah, come on. Let me out, please." Hiccup pleaded, "I need to make my mark."

"You've made many marks," Gobber told him, "all in the wrong places."

"Please, just two minutes. I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better." Hiccup said, "I might even get a date!"

"I'd pay to see that." I mentioned, pausing from fixing a broken bola to look at him.

"So would I." Kira joked, and the two of us laughed.

"You can't lift a hammer.". Gobber agreed, "You can't swing an axe. You can't even swing one of these." He grabbed the bola I was working on and a Viking grabbed it out of his hands, throwing it at a passing Gronkle. Hiccup walked over to what looked like a wheelbarrow.

"But this will throw it for me." He lightly placed his hand on it, causing the thing to spring open and fling a bola at a Viking behind Gobber. I kinda felt bad for the poor guy, that looked like it hurt.

"See, now this right here is exactly what I'm talking about." Gobber walked over to Hiccup, Kira watching from her sitting position.

"Mild calibration issue." Hiccup defended.

"Hiccup if you ever want to get out there and fight dragons, than you need to stop being all..." He paused to gesture at Hiccup, "this."

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Like always." I muttered.

"Yes!" Gobber exclaimed, "That's it, stop being all of you."

"Ohhhh!" Hiccup said, trying to sound threatening. He didn't. Gobber copied him mockingly.

"You, sir, are playing a dangerous game." Hiccup said to him, "Keeping this much raw Vikingness contained. There will be consequences!" Gobber looked at him, unimpressed.

"I'll take my chances." He gave Hiccup a large sword, "Sword. Sharpen. Now." Hiccup got to work with the sword.

"Nice try." Kira said, and Hiccup gave her a smile of thanks. And then we heard it, the familiar screech of the Night Fury. No human has ever seen it... And lived.

A catapult tower exploded in a flash of blue, violet, and white. The Night Fury had struck again.

"Man the forges, you two." Gobber said, turning to us and replacing his hammer with an axe, "They need me out there. Stay. Put. There. You know what I mean" the last part was directed at Hiccup as he ran into the fray. Hiccup and Kira turned toward me, I just waved my hand and they took off, Hiccup's invention with them.

I checked to make sure no one was around and ran to where there was no one fighting. I jumped off a cliff and willed for what I wanted to happen.

Instantly, my bod felt as if it was ripping, but it didn't hurt. A pair of golden wings unfurled from my back. My body grew longer and my limbs turned shorter and stouter. My skin started to turn to gold

colored scales until I was completely a dragon. This is a perk of being the son of a shapeshifter dragon.

I flew off into the battle, sights set on making sure none of my brethren got injured.

~~~Kira's POV~~~

Hiccup and I ran through the crowd, people dodging around and shouting at us. Hiccup pushed his invention to a cliff and opened the contraption. He was ready to fire it at a moments notice.

While waiting, I thought about Hakon, my best friend. But I wished it could be more than that, but it would be forbidden and Hakon would either be exiled or killed. I couldn't do that to him. But would it be worse to be shipped off to marry someone I've never met when I come of age.

I was snapped out of my thoughts by another tower exploding. A black figure was illuminated in the sky for just a second. Hiccup fired his invention. Not long after, I heard a "whack" and an angry screech.

"Hiccup!" I exclaimed, "You got it!"

"I hit it." he repeated, not quite believing it himself, "Did anyone else see that?" Something moved behind us and we turned. A large Monstrous Nightmare towered over us, it's foot on top of Hiccup's now destroyed invention.

"Except you." Hiccup muttered. I did what any rational person would do, I screamed.

~~~Hakon's POV~~~

I heard a scream as I freed a group of Nadders from a net. Kira! I flew towards the sound and saw her and Hiccup being chased by a Nightmare. This was bad. They tried to hide behind a pole but the dragon breathed fire on it and started to walk around.

I dove down and smashed into the dragon's side. It looked at me with slitted, reptilian eyes. I growled, "Do not hurt them!" I launched a golden blast of fire that resembled the kind a Night Fury uses. The Nightmare flew off and I walked towards the two children.

"The Paladin." They said in unison. I grinned inwardly, ever since I had started getting involved with the raids, making sure neither side had too many casualties, the two had always called me the Paladin dragon. It was name that helped to boost my small ego.

I felt an explosion of pain in my jaw and saw Stoick the Vast. He kept trying to punch me, but I dodged each hit. Finally, I let a blast of fire loose on the ground and flew away, to change back into my normal form.

As I flew, I could hear Hiccup say, "Sorry, Dad."

* * *

><p>Okay, so basically this is a redo of a story I had a long

time ago titled, "The Dragon's Eyes". Many things have been changed, I kept the two OCs I had put in, Hakon and Kira. But this time I made sure to go into more detail, and I changed Hakon's backstory.

****And yes, there is a reason he grew up in Asgard, it wasn't just some random thought. ****

2. The Meeting

~~~Kira's POV~~~

The fire tower fell, rolling down into the village. A group of Nadders flew off with a bunch of sheep in a net soon after. Hiccup winced as one of the sheep fell out of the net and the tower's top rolled into a building. The raid was over, but it hadn't exactly been a victory for the Vikings.

"Sorry, Dad." Hiccup said and then turned to face our father.

"But he hit a Night Fury!" I chimed in, and our dad grabbed him by the scruff of his vest. He carried him a little bit before putting him down.

"It wasn't like the last few times, Dad." He argued, "It went down right over Raven's Point let's get a search party out the-"

"STOP!" Our dad shouted, making Hiccup cringe. Stoick calmed down slightly, "Just stop. Every time you step outside, disaster happens. Can't you see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed." Hiccup looked around. Knowing what he was going to say, I groaned internally.

"Between you and me, the village could use a little less feeding, don't you think?" I few Vikings placed a hand on their bellies, and while I did agree a little bit, that probably wasn't the right the thing to say.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" Stoick asked exasperatedly. Hiccup shifted on his feet before replying,

"It's who I am, Dad. I see a dragon and I just have to... Kill it." I personally didn't know what was so great about killing dragons. I mean they were beautiful creatures, especially the Paladin, who seemed to help both sides during a raid. And I especially didn't see importance in killing dragons after talking to Hakon, he made it seem like all dragons had the potential for good, but something was holding them back. Probably our Viking stubbornness.

As if my thoughts had summoned him, I saw Hakon in the crowd. He waved at me and I discreetly waved back. Why did I have to be the daughter of the chief, if I was just a normal girl I could have been with Hakon. I just hoped that my father wouldn't marry me off to some stranger. I was snapped out of my fantasy by my father's groaning.

"Hiccup, you are many things, but a dragon killer is not one of them." Many of the Viking's nodded in agreement, "Get them back to

the house." From behind, Gobber nudged me and I walked in front of him. Hakon was walking right behind me. I felt him slip something into my hand.

I looked at it, it was a scale from the Paladin. A few days ago he had asked what I wanted the most. I, of course, didn't tell him that I wanted to be able to love him, so instead I asked for the scale of the Paladin dragon. He had said he would get one for me. I had asked how, and he had simply replied that he had his ways.

We walked passed the fire brigade kids, Snotlout jeering at Hiccup while trying to give me a flirtatious smile. I glared at him, if I had to marry someone like him... I would either run away with Hakon or throw myself to a dragon. A grunt sounded behind me and I turned, as did Gobber and Hiccup.

Snotlout had tackled Hakon to the ground, and pinned him down. He turned to me and winked,

"Don't worry I got this, babe. This freak won't be bothering you anymore." I glared at him as I heard a hissing sound. It was coming from Hakon, and he was doing a perfect imitation of an angry dragon.

Hakon pulled his legs up and kicked Snotlout in the midsection, sending him flying off. Hakon stood up and dusted himself. He glared at Snotlout, his cat-like eyes turning to slits. He made the strange hissing sound again.

"Don't mess with me, Snotface." Hakon caught up with us as I suppressed a chuckle. We continued walking as an indignant shout sounded behind us,

"It's lout, SnotLOUT!" Not much better in my opinion. The sky had started to turn blue as we approached our house.

"I really did hit one." Hiccup told Gobber.

"Sure, Hiccup." Gobber replied sarcastically. Hakon leaned over to me and whispered,

"Hit what?" I felt my cheeks heat up as I felt his breath on my ear.

"A N-n-night Fury." I stuttered. Control yourself, Kira! He was just whispering. I turned my attention back to Hiccup and Gobber, trying to make the burning sensation in my face calm down.

"He never listens." Hiccup ranted.

"It runs in the family." Gobber simply answered.

"And when he does, it's always with this disappointed scowl. Like someone skimped on the meat on his sandwich." Hiccup stood next to the door and puffed out his chest, "Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you've brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here is a talking fishbone." I giggled at Hiccup's little performance, he had done well mimicking Stoick. I saw Hakon clapping, his eyes shone with unspoken laughter.

"You're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like. It's what's inside that he can't stand." I facepalmed, Gobber needed to learn the meaning of "motivational speech".

"Thank you," Hiccup said sarcastically, "thank you for summing that up."

"Look," Gobber told him, "the point is to stop trying to be something you're not." Hiccup looked at the blacksmith sadly.

"I just want to be one of you guys." He opened the door and walked in, and I quickly followed. As soon as the door was shut, Hiccup raced for the back door.

"We're going after the Night Fury, aren't we?" Hiccup nodded. I sighed, grabbing a few things before heading out the the door and onto the island...

~~~Hakon's POV~~~

I couldn't believe that Hiccup had shot down a Night Fury, hopefully he won't have the heart to kill the dragon. I walked alongside Gobber and said to him,

"Hey, Gobber. You really could use a crash course in tact." He waved his hand dismissively.

I personally couldn't wait to start dragon training. It was the chance for me to get revenge for Hiccup, helping Gobber to make the challenges as difficult as we could. I especially couldn't wait to knock Snotlout down a few pegs, the way he had called Kira "babe" had angered me to a point where I had nearly gone dragon.

A horn sounded, Stoick was calling a meeting. I was about to walk back to the blacksmith shop when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"We have to have a talk with Stoick about dragon training afterwards, so you're coming too." I sighed, knowing there was no arguing with Gobber. I followed him into the great hall and hid in the shadows. The Vikings started to gather around the center table.

Once everyone was in Stoick started. It was a normal meeting until he said something about trying to raid the dragon's nest, which they had never found and they hardly ever returned from. As soon as the words left Stoick's mouth, everyone started to protest.

"QUIET!" Stoick shouted, gathering everyone's attention, "Either we finish them or they'll finish us! If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home." He stabbed his blade into the uncharted section of the map that represented the nest.

"One more search. Before the ice sets in." The chief looked around at the group.

"Those ships never come back." Someone complained.

"We're Vikings," Stoick argued, "it's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me." He threw his fist into the air but no one else did.

They all muttered feeble excuses. Stoick sighed and said,

"Those who stay will look after Hiccup," a few more hands were raised and he added, "and Hakon." Every hand in the room rose, except for Gobber's. It felt awful knowing that people hated me this much.

"To the ships!" One shouted.

"I'm with you, Stoick!" Another exclaimed.

"That's more like it." Stoick commented dryly. The group left leaving only Stoick, Gobber, and I. I jumped down and Stoick glared at me. I shied away from the chief's stare, walking over to Gobber.

Gobber had switched prosthetics, now wearing a cup instead of an axe. He had poured himself some mead, or some other beverage. I wasn't exactly sure. He took a swig of the drink and looked at Stoick.

"I'll pack my undies." He said.

"No," the chief replied, "I need you to stay and train some new recruits."

"Oh, perfect. And while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lot's of time to himself... What could possibly go wrong?" Gobber asked, sarcasm seeping through every word. Stoick sat down next to Gobber.

"What am I going to do with him?"

"Put him and Kira into training with the others."

"No, I'm serious."

"So am I." Stoick glared at the blacksmith/warrior/mentor.

"He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of it's cage, and Kira wouldn't be able to defend herself."

"Oh you don't know that."

"I do know that, actually."

"No you don't."

"Yes, actually I do."

"No you don't!" I sighed, watching the two bicker. This could go on all night if it kept up at this rate. But a part of me was worried, I didn't want Kira to go into training, she would never see the good side to dragons if she did train.

"Listen," Stoick said, standing up, "you know what Hiccup's like. From the time he could crawl he's been... Different. He doesn't listen. Has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for trolls!" Gobber turned to face Stoick and pointed his cup at him.

"Trolls exist! They still your socks." He paused, "But only the left

ones, what's up with that?"

"Perhaps their feet are both left ones." I supplied, making Gobber nod.

"When I was a boy..." Stoick started and Gobber and I groaned.

"Oh here we go." My mentor muttered taking a swig of his drink. His fake tooth dropped out of his mouth and went into the drink.

"My father told me to bang my head against a rock, and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?"

"You got a headache." He placed the tooth back into his mouth and pounded it back in using his cup.

"The rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could tame crush mountains, level forests, tame seas! Even as I boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become." He turned to Gobber, "Hiccup is not that boy."

"You can't stop him, Stoick. You can only prepare him." Gobber replied, "Look, I know it seems hopeless. But the truth is that you won't always be around to protect them. They are going to get out there again, they are probably out there now!" Stoick's expression changed as he thought it over. Gobber looked at me and we left. We went back to the blacksmith's.

"So, Hiccup and Kira might start dragon training." I stated.

"Yep."

"I'll get the first aid kit." I told him. Gobber had a playful expression on his face.

"You have a lot of faith in Hiccup."

"Well," I said, "He's good when it comes stuff like the forges and brain things. Bit when it comes to fighting..." I trailed off as Gobber laughed humorously. I then went up to my room to talk to Frigg, I wanted to ask her if she could make it as safe as possible for those ships on their way to the nest. I knew that once they passed Helheim's gate, they would be beyond help.

I did, however, wonder what Hiccup and Kira were up to.

3. Freeing the Night Fury

****Okay, before I start this chapter I just have to say that I just saw the second movie, and it was amazing! Can't wait to get to it in this story.****

****Also, this chapter is a bit shorter than normal.****

* * *

><p>-(Kira's POV)-<p>

We had been wandering around the island for hours, looking for the Night Fury Hiccup shot down. And so far we had found absolutely zilch.

"Are you sure it went down over Raven's Point?" I asked, throwing some berries in my mouth. He didn't answer and crossed out another location on his map, before scribbling all over the page and closing the notebook. He sighed in defeat as we continued to walk.

"Oh the gods hate me." He muttered, "Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!" I noticed the area we were walking towards was torn up, almost like something had crashed into it. I tugged on Hiccup's sleeve.

"Uh, Hiccup." He didn't reply, but instead, he whacked a nearby branch. I winced as it came back and hit his face with a snap.

"I might have to agree with you on the gods hating you." I commented, a smirk playing at the edge of my lips. Hiccup glared at me before refocusing his attention back to the task at hand.

He looked at the tree that the branch belonged to and saw that it had been broken near the bottom. And if the Night Fury hadn't crashed through here, then I was Thor.

Hiccup walked along a path of upturned earth, and I followed close behind. We soon saw it, just a few meters ahead, was the black figure of the Night Fury. It lay motionless on the ground, still wrapped in the Bolas. Was it dead?

"Oh, wow. I did it. I did it." Hiccup beamed, "This fixes everything."

"Of course ya did, bro." I said as he put a foot on one of the forelegs.

"I have brought down this mighty beast." The dragon stirred, pushing Hiccup off and showing that it was still alive. I looked towards it's head and saw it's eyes staring at the two of us. As I stared into it's orbs, I couldn't help but think of Hakon. There were so many similarities in both sets of eyes. Like Hakon, the Night Fury's eyes held a unseen sadness and pain.

My concentration wavered, I didn't want Hiccup to kill this creature all of a sudden. I quickly looked away not wanting to be distracted by the creature any longer. Beside me, Hiccup had his dagger in his hand.

"I'm going to kill you, dragon." He stated, "I'm going to cut out your heart and take it to my father."

"Hiccup." I murmured, sneaking a glance back at the Night Fury.

"I'm a Viking." He said, sounding a little unsure of himself, "I am a Viking!" He raised the dagger over his head and I turned away again. After looking into those eyes, I couldn't watch this. I heard a whine of sadness coming from the dragon then I waited for the sound of metal meeting scales. It never came.

I looked to see Hiccup starting to back away, the dagger hanging at his side.

"I did this." He whispered and turned, but then looked back at the dragon. He went over and started to cut off the ropes that bound the Night Fury. I went over and took out my own dagger, helping to cut the ropes. The tough fibers began to break, loosening its hold on the beast.

The dragon seemed to tense up as we cut through its bindings. Once the last one was cut though, he pinned Hiccup to a rock and the force threw me back a bit. I groaned and felt a bump on the back of my head. I would have to get Gothi to put something on that.

The Night Fury stared at Hiccup, its reptilian eyes searching through the fear filled eyes of Hiccup. It reared back and opened its mouth. I thought it was about to unleash a blast of fire.

"No!" But instead of incinerating Hiccup's head, it let loose an ear shattering shriek. It turned and flew off, hitting a tree and a rock and another tree. I turned to Hiccup who stood up with wobbly legs. He took two steps and ended up face first in the dirt. I winced.

I walked over to him and saw a small bump on his head, probably from hitting the ground.

"Well, Hiccup, looks like you're the first person to survive an encounter with a Night Fury." I whispered to his still body and hoisted him over my back. I started walking, slightly off balance due to the cargo on my back.

"You know," I muttered, "For your size you weigh quite a lot."

-(Hakon's POV)-

"Stay still." I ordered, trying to grab Jewel, who was flitting about with my shoe. Finally I grabbed it and with a triumphant shout put it on. Jewel pouted and landed on my shoulder. Heading down the stairs into the blacksmith shop, I made sure the swords and weapons were put away.

I ran out of the shop and started to head to the dragon arena. The Gronkle would need to be well fed for tomorrow. I stopped, however, once I saw two figures stumble into the village. It was Hiccup and Kira. I ducked behind the nearest object and watched them head to their house.

I ducked from object to object until I was within earshot. I also noted the unmistakable scent of dragon emanating from them, and I doubt they had been in the arena. They slipped inside their house and I tried to eavesdrop.

What I heard was sort of broken and incomplete. But it was something like Stoick telling them about starting dragon training, Kira and Hiccup argued against it, but the conversation was a rather one sided and they were pretty much forced to agree.

Stoick soon walked out and headed in the direction of the docks. I guess one bright side to him leaving would be that I could hang out

with Kira easier.

I jumped onto the building and climbed onto the second story. I peered inside and saw Kira sitting on her bed, glaring at the wall as if trying to make it catch fire.

"Pst, Kira." I whispered and the girl turned. She smiled and ran over to me. I helped her out the window and jumped to the ground. I turned and she jumped towards me. I caught her and blushed at the close proximity, before putting her back on the ground.

The two of us began to walk around the quiet village.

"I heard about the dragon training." I told her, "Do you want to talk about it."

"It's just so infuriating! He never listens to either of us, he makes our decisions for us, it's like I don't have the will to choose." She ranted.

"He just wants the best for you, but he doesn't know how to do that. He hasn't realized that you two aren't like him." She made no reply as we went to our usual meeting place, a secret bay that only the two of us and Hiccup knew about.

The waves lapped against the shore, and kicked off my boots. I looked across the calm, blue ocean and stared at the moon just above the horizon, hanging in the sky like a crooked smile. Kira sat next to me and began to trace drawings in the sand.

"Have you ever wondered what's beyond this small island. What lies across the horizon?" She asked.

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't curious. Like, is the world really flat, or does it just keep going on forever." Kira suddenly turned and looked at me with a serious expression.

"Then let's run away! Just the two of us. We can take a boat and go see what the world has to offer. We would be free to do as we please, and the two of us could be friends without having to worry about my dad."

"Kira, that sounds like a great idea," I saw her perk up, "but what about Hiccup? He's your family. Both he and your dad would be devastated, not to mention Gobber. But if you did run away, I would gladly come with you."

"Really?" She asked, "Why?" I twiddled my fingers nervously. Should I tell her now.

"Well you see," I began to move closer to her, our faces only inches apart, "it's because I l-" I was interrupted when the sound of running entered the bay. I turned to see Hiccup, who had stoped and was looking between me and Kira.

"I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" Kira and I exchanged glances before scooting away from each other. Both of our faces were red, and Kira was using her hand to fan her face.

"No!" We exclaimed and stood up. Hiccup gave us disbelieving looks

and Kira walked over to him.

"Bye, Hakon." She waved, and I watched the siblings leave. Jewel flew out and gave me a reassuring pat on the head. My mind was still catching up. I wasn't sure whether to be grateful for Hiccup stopping my confession, or to rip him apart and feed him to a Monstrous Nightmare.

I looked over at Jewel, and groaned in frustration.

"I'm going fishing." I stated to myself as I changed forms and took off across the ocean.

-(Kira's POV)-

I was lying down on my bed, my pillow clutched to my chest as I thought about what had transpired the beach.

_ 'Oh, gods! His face was so close! What had he wanted to tell me? Should I have used the opportunity to tell him my feelings! '_ I sighed wearily.

"Why does love have to be so confusing?" I asked no one in particular.

"Thinking about Hakon, again?" Hiccup's voice questioned, and I mentally cursed myself. I had forgotten he was in here too.

"N-none of your business!" I exclaimed and threw the nearest thing at him, which happened to be my pillow. My head then fell back to my bed as I closed my eyes and began to dream about what it would have been like to run away with Hakon.

* * *

><p>Ahh... Young love, so adorable. Also, just a quick note, I am going back to the first chapter to change the ages of Hiccup, Kira, and Hakon. They are now fifteen years old. Anyways, see ya next update.

End
file.